

*Madam Mary Ince: 1714.*

# Iter Boreale.

With large Additions of several other

# POEMS

*y.* BEING 12. 30

An EXACT COLLECTION  
of all hitherto Extant.

Never before Published together.

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The Author *R. Wild*, D. D.

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# Iter Boreale.

Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the  
LORD GENERAL

## George Monck,

From SCOTLAND to LONDON,  
in the Winter, 1659.

### I.

**T**He day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;  
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone;  
Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy flight  
Where Traitors Ghosts keep an eternal night;  
Flee to Mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part  
With the black fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart  
For his bold Sacriledg: Go fetch the groans  
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croak thy Tones;

Go see *Aleczo* with her flaming whip,  
 How she ficks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip:  
 Go make thyself away, — Thou shalt no more  
 Choak up my *Standish* with the blood and gore  
 Of English Tragedies: I now will chuse  
 The merriest of the nine to be my Muse:  
 And come what will, I'll scribble once again:  
 The *brum* Sword hath cut the nobler Vein  
 Of racy Poetry. Our small-drink-times  
 Must be contented, and take up with Rhimes.  
 They'r sorry toyes from a poor Levites pack,  
 Whose Living and Assesments drink no Sack.  
 The Subject will excuse the Verse (I trow)  
 The Ven' son's fat, although the trust be dough.

**I** He who whileom fate and sung in Cage  
 My Kings and Countries Ruines by the rage  
 Of a rebellious Rout; who weeping saw  
 Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw  
 And sheath their Swords (like three enraged bro-  
 In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers [theirs]  
 Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;  
 Then jealous that their Father fain would part  
 Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,  
 Fell foul on Him, and slew Him at His dore.  
 I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,  
 And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Hearses;



I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,  
 Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very stump,  
 And flung that in the Fire, no more to write,  
 But to sit down poor *Britains Heraclite*,  
 Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,  
 The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,  
 Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring  
 The wise men of three Nations to their King:  
*MONCK*! the great *Monck*! that syllable out-  
*Plantagenet's* bright Name, or *Constantine's*. [shines  
 'Twas at His Rising that *Our Day* begun,  
 Be he the *Morning Star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.  
 He took Rebellion rampant, by the throat,  
 And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;  
 His hand it was that wrote, (we saw no more)  
*Exit Tyrannus* over *Lamberts* dore.

Like to some subtle Lightning, so His Words  
 Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.  
 He with success the *Soveraign* skill hath found  
 To dress the Weapon, and to heal the Wound.  
*George*, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they say)  
 Only by waiking, scare our Foes away.

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 III.

**O**ld *Holofernes* was no sooner laid,  
 Before the Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,  
 (Nor

(Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me ;  
 Let fools that trusted his true Mourners be.)  
*Richard* the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,  
 No fault so much, as th'old one was his Sire ;  
 For men believ'd,—though all went in his Name,  
 Hee'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came :  
 When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found  
 The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground ;  
 And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)  
 Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.  
*Exit Protector*.—What comes next ? I trow,  
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again.—So-ho,  
 Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds,—Here sits  
 That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*,—whose wits  
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport ; That, that (cries *Vane*)  
 Lets put her up, and run her once again :  
 She'll lead our Dogs and Followers up and down,  
 Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.  
 Enter th' old Members : 'Twas the Month of *May*  
 These Maggots in the *Rump* began to play :  
*Wallingford* Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought  
 They would make baits, by which Fish might be  
 And so it prov'd, they soon by taxes made [caught ;  
 More money than the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

#### IV.

**N**OW broke in *Egypt's* Plagues (all in a day)  
 And one more worse than theirs,—We must  
 not pray To

To be deliver'd :—Their scab'd folks were free  
 To scratch where it did itch ;—So might not we.  
 That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he scar'd, gave light ;  
 But we were now cover'd with horrid night :  
 Our Magistracy was (like *Moses* Rod)  
 Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.  
 Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,  
 Made brick without straw, and were blasted too :  
 Struck with the botch of Taxes and Excise ;  
 Servants (*our very debt*) were turn'd to *Lice* ;  
 It was but turning Souldiers, and they need  
 Not work at all, but on their Masters feed.  
 Strange Catterpillars are our pleasant things ;  
 And Frogs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings :  
 Black bloody veins did in the *Rump* prevail,  
 Like the Philistims Emrods in the Tayle.  
 Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Egypt* had,  
 And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (thats as bad.)  
 And that Sea-Monster *Lawson* (if withstood)  
 Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. [fell  
 And (Plague of all these Plagues) all these Plagues  
 Not on an *Egypt*, but our *Israel*.

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## V.

**S**ick (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,  
 Filling each corner with her hideous cries :  
 Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,  
 Anon Despair brings cold and clammy Sweats ;  
She

She cannot sleep ; or if she doth she dreams  
 Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful  
 Tosses from side to side, then by and by (theams ;  
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :  
 None can come to her but bold Empericks,  
 Who never meant to cure her but try tricks :  
 Those very *Doctors* who should give her ease,  
 (God help the *Patient*) was her worst disease.  
 Th' *Italian Mountebank Vane* tells her sure  
 Jesuits Powder will effect the Cure.  
 If grief but makes her swell, *Martin* and *Nevell*  
 Conclude it is a spice of the Kings-Evil.  
 Bleed her again, another cries ;—And *Scot*  
 Saith he could cure her, if 'twas—you know what:  
 But giddy *Harrington* a whimsey found,  
 To make her head (like to his brains) run round :  
 Her old and wise Physicians, who before  
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,  
 But were kept out, which made her cry the more,  
 Help, help, (*dear Children*) Oh ! some pity take  
 On her who bore you ! help for mercy sake !  
 Oh heart ! Oh head ! Oh back ! Oh bones ! I feel  
 They've poyson'd me with giving too much steel ;  
 Oh give me that for which I long and cry !  
 Somthing that's *Sovereign*, or else I dye.

Kind

## V I.

[stood

**K**Ind *Cheshire* heard ;—And like some son that  
 Upon the Bank, straight jump'd into the flood,  
 Flings out his arms, & strikes som strokes to swim  
*Booth* ventur'd first, and *Middleton* with him ;  
 Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more,  
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore ;  
*Masse*y (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*  
 Forsook his Wharf,—resolving all to drown,  
 Or save a sinking Kingdom :—But, O sad !  
 Fearing to lose her prey, the Sea grew mad,  
 Rais'd all her billows, and resolv'd her waves,  
 Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.  
 Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eastern Wind,  
 And with him all the mighty waters joyn'd.  
 The Loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breasts,  
 Scorning to think of Life or Interests ;  
 They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain,  
 The furious Main beat them to shore again ;  
 At which the floating Island (looking back,  
 Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)  
 Shriekt lower then before,—and thus she cries,  
 “ Can you be angry heavens, and frowning skies,  
 “ Thus countenance rebellious Mutineers,  
 “ Who, if they durst, would be about your ears ?  
 “ That I should sink, with Justice may accord,  
 “ Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board ;  
 “ Yet



Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted most,  
 No Chappel was at ease from some such Ghost.  
 The Priests ordain'd to exercise those Elves,  
 Were voted Devils, and cast out themselves :  
 Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,  
 Religion serves but for a stratagem :  
 The holy Charms these Adders did not heed,  
 Churches themselves did Sanctuary need.

## VIII.

**T**HE Churches Patrimony and rich Store,  
 Alas! was swallow'd many years before :  
*Bishops* and *Deans* we fed upon before,  
 They were the *Ribs* and *Sirloyns* of the Whore :  
 Now let her *Legs* (the *Priests* go to the Pot,  
 (They have the Pope's eye in them) spare them  
 We have fat *Benefices* yet to eat, [not :  
 (Bell, and our *Dragon-Army* must have meat :)  
 Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and small,  
 Tythe Calves, Geese, Pigs, the *Petitoes* and all :  
 A *Vicaridg* in *Sippets*, though it be  
 But small, will serve a squeamish *Sectary*.  
 Though *Universities* we can't endure,  
 There's no false *Latine* in their *Lands* (be sure.)  
 Give *Oxford* to our Horse, and let the Foot  
 Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall too't.  
*Christ-Church* ile have (cries *Vane*;) *Disbrow* swops  
 At *Trinisty*; *Kings* is for *Berry's* chops ;

*Kelsey*

*Kelsey*, take *Corpus Christi* ; *All-Souls*, *Packer* ;  
*Grave Creed*, *St. Johns* ; *New Colledg* leave to *Hacker* ;  
*Fleetwood* cries, *Weeping Mandlin* shall be mine,  
Her tears He drink instead of *Muscadine* :  
The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big  
Enough to make one dish for *Hasilrig* ;  
We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,  
Else all our fat will be i'th fire (they cry'd :  
And when we have done these, we'l not be quiet,  
Lordships and Landlords Rents shall be our diet.  
Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine 'Host  
*Lambert* resolves that he will rule the Rost.

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## I X.

**B**Uchark! Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow; [so?  
What mean the north-winds that they bluster  
More storms from that black nook? Forbear (bold  
Let not *Dunbar* and *Worc'ster* be forgot : [Scot!]  
What? would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* more  
The price of Kings is fal'n, give the Trade o're.  
And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,  
Of Laws, lives, oaths, souls, grown so low with you?  
Perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of Men!  
(Cries the good *Monck*) we'l raise their price agen  
Heaven said *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark ;  
That Spark (preserv'd alive i'th cold and dark)  
First kindled and enflam'd the British Isle,  
And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while ;



He and his fewel was so small, no doubt,  
 Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piss them out.  
 But *George* was wary ;—His cause did require  
 A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire :  
 'Twas not his safest course to flame, but smoak ;  
 His enemies he will not burn but choak ;  
 Small Fires must not blaze out, lest by their light  
 They shew their weakness, and their foes invite ;  
 But Furnaces the stoutest Metals melt,  
 (And so did he) by fire not seen, but felt ;  
 Dark-lanthorn Language, and his peep-bo-play,  
*Will-E-Wispe Lambert's* new Lights out o'th way.  
*George* & his boys, those thousands (ô strang thing)  
 Of Snipes and Woodcocks took by Lowbelling.  
 His few Scotch-Coal kindled with English Fire  
 Made *Lambert's* great *Newcastle* heaps expire.

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## X.

**S**cotland (though poor and peevish) was content  
 To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) money lent ;  
 But yet the blessing of their Kirk was more ;  
*George* had that too, and with this slender store  
 He and his Mirmidons advance :—Kind Heaven  
 Prepar'd a Frost to make their March more eaven  
 Easy and safe ; it may be said, That year  
 Of th' High-ways Heaven it self was Overseer,  
 And made *November* ground as hard as *May* ;  
 White as their Innocence, so was their Way :

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet  
Him and his Army, and to kiss their feet.

The frost and foes both came and went together,  
Both thaw'd away, & vanish'd God knows whither.

Whole Countries crowded in to see this friend,  
Ready to cast their bodies down to mend

His Road to *Westminster*; and still they shout,

Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monster* out:

A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)

And to this cry the Island did accord,

The Eccho of the Irish hollow ground

Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

# XI.

**P**Resto-*Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone  
To dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*:

*George* made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,

Swallow their swords as Juglers do their Knives.

And *Carter Disborough* to wish in vain,

He now were Waggoner to *Charls* his Wain.

The Conqueror is now come into th' South,

Whose warm Air is made hot by every mouth;

Breathing his welcome, and in spite of *Scot*,

Crying—*The whole Child* (Sir) divide it not:

The *Rump* begins to stink; Alas! (cry they)

W'have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay.

I like him not—His Belly is so big,

There's a King in't, cries furious *Hastig*,

Let's

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a share  
 Of our stoln Venison.---Varlets forbear,  
 In vain you put your Lime twigs to his Hands  
 George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands,*  
 When fair means would not do, next foul they try,  
 Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)  
 Send him to scowr their Streets.--Well, let it be;  
 Your Rumpship wants a scowring too, (thinks he)  
 That foul house where your Worthips many year  
 Have laid your Tail, sure wants a Scavenger :  
 I smell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,  
 You'd mount me on the Cities galled Back,  
 In hope she'll cast her Rider : If I must  
 Upon some Office in the Town be thrust,  
 I'll be their Sword-bearer,--and to their Dagger  
 I'll joyn my Sword:---Nay, (*good Rump*) do not  
 The City fealts me, and as sure as Gun) (*swagger,*  
 I'll mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

## XII.

**A**Nd so he did : One morning next his heart  
 He goes to *Westminster*, and play'd his part ;  
 He vampt their boots (which *Henson*, ne'r could do)  
 With better leather, made them g' upright too.  
 The Restor'd Members (*Cato*-like, no doubt)  
 Did only enter that They might go out ;  
 They did not mean within those Walls to dwell,  
 Nor did they like their Company so well :

B

Yet

Yet Heav'n so blest them, that in three weeks space  
 They gave both Church and State a better face ;  
 They gave *Booth, Massy, Brown*, some kinder lots ;  
 The last years Traytors, this years Patriots :  
 The Churches poor Remainder they made good,  
 And wash'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood ;  
 And that a Parliament ( they did devise )  
 From its own ashes (*Phanix*-like) might rise ;  
 This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,  
 They past a Fine, and so cut off th' *Entail*.

## XIII.

**L** Et the Bells ring these Changes now from *Bow*  
 Down to the Country Candlesticks below ;  
*Ringers*, hands off ; The Bells themselves will dance  
 In memory of their own deliverance.  
 Had not *George* shew'd his Metal, and said Nay,  
 Each Sectary had born the Bell away : (Crew)  
 Down with them all, they'r Christned (cry'd that  
 Tye up their Clappers, and the Parsons too ;  
 Turn them to Guns, or sell them to the *Dutch*.  
 Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Masters, that's too  
 You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope (much  
 I'll save the Bells, but you may take the Rope.  
 Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,  
 Like *Isaac*, bound under the bloody knife ;  
*George* held the falling Weapon, sav'd the Lamb :  
 Let *Lambs* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)  
 When brave S. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.  
 Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,  
 Had but permitted Wood enough to stand  
 To be his Bonfires;-- Wee'd burn every stem,  
 And leave no more but Gallow-trees for them.

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## XIV.

**M**Arch on, *Great Heroe* ! as thou hast begun,  
 And crown our *Happiness* before th'ast done  
 We have another *CHARLES* to fetch from *Spain*,  
 Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again :  
 Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)  
 Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favorite.  
 There is no danger of the Winds at all,  
 Unless together by the Ears they fall,  
 Who shall the honour have to waite a King :  
 And they who gain it, while they work shall sing.  
 Methinks I see how those Triumphant Gales,  
 Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails :  
 The joyful Ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,  
 And loyal Fish their Masters health shall quaff :  
 See how the *Dolphins* croud and thrust their large  
 And scaly shoulders, to assist the Barge ;  
 The peaceful Kingfishers are met together  
 About the Decks and prophesie calm weather ;  
 Poor Crabs and Lobsters are gone down to creep,  
 And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep ;

B 2

And

And when they have the booty,---crawl before,  
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

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## X V.

**M**E-thinks I see how throngs of people stand  
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land,  
Ready to leap in, and if need require,  
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.  
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*  
With bowing to his Sovereign will fall,  
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar,  
And though they see him not, yet shall adore :  
The Conduits will be ravish'd, and combine  
To turn their very water into Wine :  
And for the Citizens, I only pray  
They may not over-joy'd all die that day :  
May we all live more loyal and more true,  
To give to *Cæsar* and to God their due.  
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim  
And for the Son we'll shed our blood for him.  
*England* her penitential Song shall sing,  
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.  
If for our sins—our Prince shall be misled,  
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than scratch our head.

## XVI.

**O** NeEnglish *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)  
 A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods;  
 Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)  
 He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.  
*Monck* (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the  
 That with a word shackled the Ocean; [man  
 He shall command *Neptune* himself to bring  
 His Trident, and present it to our King.  
 Oh do it then, great Admiral: — Away,  
 Let him be here against *St. George's* day;  
 That *Charls* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,  
 And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.  
 And when thy Aged Corps shall yield to Fate,  
 God save that soul that sav'd our *Charch* and *State*:  
 There thou shalt have a glorious Crown, I know,  
 Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here be-  
 But who shall find a Pen fit for thy glory; (low.  
 Or make Posterity believe thy Story?

*Vive St. GEORGE,*



THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF

*Mr. Christopher Love,*  
Late Minister of the Gospel;

Acted upon  
TOWER-HILL,

*August 22. 1651.*

---

*The Prologue.*

*(come,*  
**N**EW from a slaughter'd Monarchs Hearse  
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tomb:  
Pardon, great *Charls* his Ghost, my Muse had stood  
Yet three years longer, till sh' had wept a Flood;  
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.



But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call  
 For her Attendance at *LOVE*'s Funeral :  
 Forgive, great Sir, this Sacrilege in me ,  
 The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee ;  
 'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

## *The Argument.*

'Twas when the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,  
 And with his scorching Face did tyrannize,  
 When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,  
 But sure more fiery than his Sire by far,  
 Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat  
 Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody Sweat :  
 When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train  
 Had chas'd the North-Bear, & pursu'd *Charles* Wain  
 Into the *English Orb* ; then 'twas thy fate  
 (Sweet *LOVE*) to be a Present from our State.  
 A greater Sacrifice there could not come,  
 Than a Divine, to bleed his Welcome home.  
 For He, and *Herod* think no Dish so good,  
 As a *John Baptists Head*, serv'd up in Blood.

## ACT. I.

The *Philistims* are set in their High Court,  
 And *Love*, like *Samson's* fetch'd to make them sport :  
 Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought :  
 Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought :

Monsters, like Men, must worry him ; and thus  
 He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.  
*Adams, Far, Huntington*, with all the Pack  
 Of foisting Hounds, were set upon his Back.  
*Prideaux* and *Keeble* stand and cry, Halloo ;  
 'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.  
 Oh how he foil'd them ! Standers by did swear,  
 That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were :  
 For there he prov'd (although he seem'd a Lamb)  
 Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

## ACT. II.

It is decreed ; nor shall thy Worth, dear *Love*,  
 Resist their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.  
 Though Pray'rs were join'd to Pray'rs, & tears to  
 No Softness in their Rocky Hearts appears : [tears,  
 Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their Fury can,  
 But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.  
 Sure some She-Sectary longed, and in haste  
 Must try how *Presbyterian* Blood did taste.  
 'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,  
 Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint ! 'tis Drink di-  
 No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read, [vine,  
 The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head ;  
 And by that humble Posture told them all,  
 It was a Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT.

## ACT. III.

And now I wish the fatal Stroke were given;  
 I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,  
 And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow  
 Makes him triumphant; but here comes his wo,  
 His Enemies will grant a Months Suspence,  
 If't be for the nonce to keep him thence:)  
 And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,  
 He shall be tempted too, his forty days:  
 And with such baits too, Cast thy self but down,  
 Fall, and but worship, and your Life's your own.  
 Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh'twas their pride,  
 To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.  
 One Plot th'have more, when all their own do fail  
 If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.  
 Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,  
 Good Master, Spare thy self, and do not die.  
 One Friend entreats, a second weeps, a third  
 Cries, Your Petition wants the other word:  
 I'll write it for you, saith a fourth; Your Life,  
 Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pity your Wife,  
 And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamonds cut  
 By Diamonds only, and to terror put.  
 Methinks I hear him still, You wound my heart;  
 Good Friends, forbear; for every word's a Dart:  
 'Tis cruel pity, thus I do profess,  
 You'd love me more, if you did love me less:  
Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know  
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.

Thus, like a rock that routs the waves, he stands,  
And snaps asunder, *Sampson*-like, these bands.

## ACT. IV.

The Day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,  
And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying so :  
Which blushing seems to answer from the Sky,  
That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.  
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above  
Call to each other, Sirs, Make room for *LOVE*.  
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,  
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)  
His Blood ne'r run t'his heart, Christs Blood was  
Reviving it, his own was all to spare : (there  
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,  
Is this the Bloud you thirst for ? Tak't, I pray.  
Spectators in his Looks such Life did see,  
That they appear'd more like to die than he.  
But oh his Speech ! methinks I hear it still ;  
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill :  
His keener Words did their sharp Ax exceed ;  
That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed :  
Which he concluded with soft Prayer, and so  
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow :  
His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,  
And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christopher*.

ACT.

## ACT. V.

*LOVE* lies a bleeding, and the World shall see  
 Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedy.  
 The Sun no sooner spy'd the Head o'th' floor,  
 But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.  
 The Clouds, which scattered, and in colours were,  
 Met altogether, and in black appear :  
 Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,  
 Did serve for Torches at that dismal Night :  
 In which, and all next day, for many hours,  
 Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, & did weep in Showrs.  
 Nor do I wonder, that God thundered so,  
 When's *Boanerges* mured lay below : (*Keeble,*  
 The High Court trembled, *Prideaux, Bradshaw,*  
 And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.  
 Timorous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake,*  
 Hold out, you need no base Petitions make :  
 Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,  
 Will be beholding to you to go out.  
 But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven  
 Such Approbation to *Love's* cause hath given,  
 I'll add but this ; Your Consciences perhaps,  
 Ere long, shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

*The Epilogue.*

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must  
 Beg that these Lines be buried with thy Dust :  
 Shelter, bless'd *Love*, this verse within thy Shroud,  
 For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.  
 The Author begs this, lest, if it be known.  
 Whilst he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

R. W.

---

UPON



UPON

The much to be Lamented

D E A T H

OF THE

Reverend Mr. *Vines*.

**A**Rt thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)  
 And must such Sneaks as I be left behind?  
 If thus our Horsemen and Commanders die,  
 What can the Infantry do then but fly?  
 O! Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldst thou go,  
 Unless thou couldst have left thy Parts below?  
 If there's a *Metempsychosis* indeed,  
 Tell us where we may find thee at our need?  
 Who hath thy Memory? thy Brain, thy Heart?  
 Whom didst thou leave thy Tongue? (for ev'ry part  
 Of thee can make a Man.) What if we find  
 (As I'll not swear this Age won't change her mind)  
*Pre'acy* (though her Lands are sold) revive?  
 Or *Independency* (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where suits Trump) should dare dispute at  
length?

Where hast thou left thy *Presbyterian* Strength,  
With which thou got'st the Game in th' Isle of  
*Wight*,

Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right?  
When *Essex* dy'd (the Honour of our Nation)  
Thou gav'st him a new life in thy Oration.

But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate shall yield,  
Whom hast thou left---to fetch from *Naseby*-field  
Th' *Immortal Turf*, and dress it with a Story,  
That shall perpetuate his name and glory?

Where's thy rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)  
Didst thou thy lofty and high strain bequeath?

Tell us for thy own sake; for none but he  
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.

Till he be found, let this suffice, which I  
Leave on thy Stone: — *Here lies the Ministry.*

R. W.





TO THE  
M E M O R Y  
O F

*Mr. Jeremy Whitaker,*

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching,  
Pious in Life, Patient in Sick-  
ness, &c.

NAY, now forbear ; for pity sake give o're,  
You that would make the Clergy none, or  
We are made miserable enough this year, (poor:  
That we have lost our Reverend *Whitaker* ;  
Loss above Deans and Chapters ! had but he  
Liv'd still and preach'd : *Ziba* take all (for me.)  
Nay I believe had sacrilegious hands  
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,  
Whil'st he surviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,  
*Whitaker* would have pray'd them back again ,

As

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeal,  
 Giv'n to the Devil under Hand and Seal,  
 A Chariot and an Horseman we have lost,  
 In whose each single Pray'r incamp'd an Host.  
 How have I heard him on some solemn Day,  
 When doubtful War could make all *London* pray)  
 Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,  
 And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers!  
 Have you not seen an early-rising Lark  
 Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,  
 Shooting her self aloft, yet higher, higher,  
 Till she had sung her self into Heaven's Quire?  
 Thus would he rise in Pray'r, and in a trice  
 His Soul become a Bird of Paradise :  
 And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,  
 What can we call his less than Extasie ?

### *On his Preaching.*

If with the Almighty he prevailed so,  
 Wonder not that he Wonders wrought below :  
 The Son of Consolation and of Thunder  
 Met both in him, in others are asunder.  
 He was (like *Luke*) Physician of both kinds,  
 Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies & their Minds,  
 The Falling-sickness of Apostacy,  
 Dropsie of Drunkenness, Prides Tympany,  
 The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,  
 Palsie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

Lusts burning Fever, Angers Calenture,  
 The Collick in the Conscience he could cure :  
 Set the souls broken bones ; by holy Art  
 He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a Heart,  
 Harder than that he dy'd of—O come in,  
 Ye multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,  
 And thereby made his Debtors—Pay him now  
 Some of those tears which he laid out for you ;  
 Interest-tears, I mean ; for should you all  
 Weep over him both Use and Principal,  
 'Twould wash away the Stone (which covers him)  
 And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim.  
 Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) & stop thy Verse  
 (Thy Ink can only serve to black his Hearse,)  
 Yet (stay) i'll drop one Tear, sigh one sigh more,  
 'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor  
 O what a mighty Prophet should I be,  
 Had this *Elijah's* Mantle falln to me !  
 Oh might I live his Life ! I'd be content  
 His sore Diseases too should me torment:  
 And if his Patience could mine become,  
 I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

R. W.

UPON



UPON THE  
**D E A T H**  
 O F

So many Reverend Ministers  
 of late.

**S**Till we do find, Black cloth wears out the first;  
 And fruits that are the choicest keep the worst.  
 Such men? So many? and they die so fast?  
 They'r precious (death) oh do not make such waste.  
 Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loss of one,  
 But in comes tidings that another's gone.  
 Oh that I had my former Tears agen,  
 (All but those few laid out upon my sin,)  
 Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,  
 I have occasion now to verse them dry.  
 Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,  
*Presbytery* sha'nt trouble you ere long;  
 Those that tormented you before your day,  
 Are now apace removing out o'th' way.  
 Yea, rather tremble (*England*) stand agast,  
 To see thy glorious Lamps go out so fast;

When

When Death (like *Sampson*) thus lays hold upon  
 The Pillars of the Church,—The Building's gone.  
 When we do see so many Stars to fall,  
 Surely, it boads the World's great Funeral.  
*London*, look too't, and think what Heav'n is doing  
 Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going,  
 Well may we all fear God intendeth Wars,  
 When he commands home his Embassadors.  
 That Venerable Synod, which of late  
 Was made the Object of Mens Scorn and Hate,  
 (For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)  
 Are now call'd up (with *Moses*) and their Faces  
 When they return, shall shine; God sees it fit,  
 Such an Assembly should in Glory sit.  
 The learned *Twisse* went first, (it was his right)  
 Then holy *Palmer*, *Borroughs*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,  
*Hill*, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,  
*Pern*, *Marshall*, *Robinson*, all gone along.  
 I have not nam'd them half: their only strife  
 Hath been (of late) who should first part with Life.  
 Those few who yet survive, sick of this Age,  
 Long to have done their parts, and leave the Stage.  
 Our English *Luther*, *Vines*, (whose Death I weep)  
 Stole away (and said nothing) in a Sleep:  
 Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,  
 And for his Cordial took a Sacrament:  
 Had it but been suspected—he would die,  
 His People sure had stop'd him with their Cry.  
 My blear-ey'd Muse ('tis tears have made her so)  
 Must wash his Marble too, before she go.



A N  
**ELOGY**  
 UPON THE  
**Earl of Essex**  
 HIS  
**FUNERAL**

**A**Nd are there all the Rites that must be done  
 Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *Englands* Champion?  
 Some Men, some Walls, some Horses put in black  
 With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats  
 A gawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse, (and Sacks,  
 A tatter'd Anagram with grievous Verse,  
 And a sad Sermon to conclude withall,  
 Shall this be stil'd great *ESSEX's* Funeral?

Niggardly

Niggardly Nation, be asham'd of th' odds,  
 Less Valour among Heathen made men gods:  
 Should such a General have dy'd in *Rome*,  
 He must have had an Altar, not a Tomb;  
 And there, in stead of youthful Elegies,  
 Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice  
 To Divine *Deveraux*: O for a Vote,  
 (Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)  
 A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,  
 A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,  
 Shall be adjudg'd Malignant: It were wise  
 T' erect an Office in the Peoples eyes,  
 For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,  
 There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:  
 And when w' have drein'd this Ages eyes quite  
 Let him be wept the next in History; (dry,  
 Which if Posterity shall dare to doubt,  
 Then *Glisters* whisp'ring Walls shall speak him  
 And so his Funeral shall not be done, (out:  
 Till he return i'th' Resurrection.



*To the Father of a very vertuous Vir-  
gin, Deceased; who desired an obscure  
Person to make an Elegy, &c.*

Sir, Be advis'd; She's not your Daughter now,  
But a crown'd Saint in Heav'n's great Court, &  
Must take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you  
Yo.'l be profane, if that be not Divine,  
*Sternhold* (who kill'd the *Psalms*, and *David* too  
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do  
More violence to Heav'n, than you to her,  
If, whil'st you think't a kindness, you shall blur  
Her Honour with my Ink: 'tis a disgrace  
To set black Spots upon a glorious Face.  
Disdain will burst her Coffin (sure) to have  
Such dirty Feet as mine stand on her Grave.  
Besides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verse,  
Tears without measure best become her Hearse,  
The talking Book is shallow, still we see  
Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, silent be.  
Were I *Apollo's* Priest indeed, and fit  
To send a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet,



Yet i'm but one ; Sir, to her Altar's due  
 Whole Hecatombs of Verse, and Poets too.  
 Go search *St. Paul's*-Church-yard, imploy choice  
 To scan all Epitaphs and Elegies ; (eyes  
 All the rich Fancies, sacred Raptures, all  
 The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall  
 On spotless Virgins Tombs: then make your claim  
 Print and devote them to your Daughters name.  
 Those vast *Hyperboles*, those lofty Notes,  
 Which crackt the Muses Voices, rent their throats  
 Offended scrup'ulous Readers, made them think  
 Poetry only strong Lines, and strong Drink,  
 Allayed by her merit, soon will be  
 Reduc'd to sober Truth, and Modesty,  
 But stay, this counsel is but simple stuff,  
 (*Englands Divine*) *Reynolds* hath done enough :  
 His Sermon is her Monument in print,  
 And hath more Honour than all Poems in't.  
 That doth not only speak her Saint, and more,  
 Can make him one too, who but reads it o're.  
*Reynolds* records her Saint, and you may hope  
 That's more than canonizing by a Pope.



# IN MEMORY

Of M<sup>rs</sup> E. T.

Who dyed *April 7. 1659.*

**I**T was the Spring, and Flowers were in contest,  
Whose smells should first reach Heav'n, and  
please it best ;

Then did *Eliza's* sweetness so surpass  
All Rival Virgins, that she sent for was.

'Twas *April* when she dy'd ; no Month so fit  
For Heav'n to be a mourner in, as it.

'Twas *Easter* too ; that time did Death devise  
Best for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.

It was the Spring ; The way 'twixt Heav'n & Earth  
Was sweetned for her passage, by the Birth  
Of early Flowers, which burst their Mothers  
Resolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb. (womb,  
It was the Spring ; Between the Earth and Sky,  
To please her Soul as it was passing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every nest  
 Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Rest :  
 Not a Pen-feathered Lark, who ne'r try'd Wing,  
 Nor Throat ; but ventur'd then to fly, and sing :  
 Following the Saint towards Heav'n, whose en-  
 trance there

Damp't them, and chang'd their Notes. Then pen-  
 sive Air

Dissolv'd to tears, which spoil'd the feather'd Train  
 And sunk them to their nests with grief again.

Mean time, me thought, I saw at Heav'n's fair Gate  
 The glorious Vigin's meet, and kiss their Mate.

They stood a while her Beauty to admire  
 Then led her to her place in their own Quire ;

Which seem'd to be defective, untill she  
 Added her Sweetness to their Harmony.

As Meddals scatter'd when some Prince goes by,  
 So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.

The Milky Way too, (since she past it o're)  
 Methinks looks whiter than it was before.



AN

## E P I T A P H

Upon *E. T.*

**R** Eader, didst thou but know what sacred Dust  
 Thou tread'st upon, thou'dst judg thy self un-  
 Shouldst thou neglect a showr of tears to pay, (just  
 To wash the Sin of thy own Feet away.  
 That Actor in the Play, who looking down  
 When he should cry, *O Heav'n*,—was thought a  
 And guilty of a Solœcism—might have (Clown,  
 Applause for such an Action o're this Grave.  
 Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day  
 Will send the best in Heav'n to fetch't away.  
 Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth  
 Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth:  
 Both claim'd her, pleaded for her ; either cry'd,  
 The Child is mine ; at length they did divide :  
 Heav'n took her Soul ; The Earth her Corps did  
 Yet not in Fee, she only holds by Lease ; (seize,  
 With this Proviso—when the Judge shall call,  
 Earth shall give up her share, and Heav'n have all  
 UPON

UPON

The Learned Works of the

Reverend DIVINE

*Ed. Reynolds, D. D.*

**R**Eader, who e're thou art, here thou maist find  
 Within these *Works*, a rare, rich, glorious mind  
 O' Golden Precepts, which, alike, do shew  
 What's thy D stemper how to cure it too :  
 Do pains oppress thy Body ? Sorrow Mind ?  
 Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find ;  
 And then no doubt, he'll grant, thy Bodies Grief  
 May bring thy sinking soul some small Relief :  
 Do Passions over-top thy will ? beware,  
 Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere :  
 If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,  
 Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,  
 Pleasures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles  
 Swoln big with Emptiness so burst and die.  
 Do darkest times of ignorance draw near ?  
 The rather view these weighty Lines : nor fear,  
 Nor wonder much at this resplendent Light :  
 Diamonds shine brightest in the darkest night.

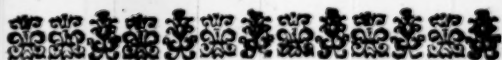
Then

The Merchant-man sold all he had, to buy  
 The rich, rare, Gospel Jewel : O then why  
 Art thou so backward, since that thou mayst make  
 This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate ?  
 The foolish Virgins, when their Lord of Light  
 Past by, their lights were out: So that eternal night  
 Was their reward, and just ; for they that deem  
 Pains cost of greater worth, shall ne'r be seen  
 Within his Courts, who is great, good, and just.  
 Is Folly thus repaid ? Reader, we must  
 Look that it ne'r be said of thee or I,  
 That our Neglect should cause our light to die.

R. W.

---

LOOK



## Another.

(men

**L**ook wishly (friend) thou seldom seest such  
 Heav'n drops such Jewels down but now and  
 One in an Age, or Nation : oh 'tis rare, (then,  
 Two *Reynoldses* should fall to *Englands* share !  
 Could *Rome* but shew one such, and this were He,  
 His Picture could not scape Idolatry :

Whom Papists (not with Superstitious Fire)  
 Would dare t'adore, we justly may admire.

R.W.

*Aliud.*

**L**earning, whose Forces did dispersed lie  
 (Of late alarm'd by the Enemy)  
 Calling a Council, did resolve at length  
 To chuse one General over all her Strength :  
 Divinity (who had the choice) did Name  
*Reynolds* ? All Voices center'd in the same :  
 Now here he stands and heads such Books as bear  
 Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

AN



A N

# E P I T A P H

For a Godly Mans Tomb.

**H**ere lies a piece of Christ, a Star in Dust ;  
A Vein of Gold, a *China* Dish that must  
Be us'd in Heav'n, when God shall Feast the Just.

---

A N

# E P I T A P H

For a Wicked Mans Tomb.

**H**ere lies the Carcase of a cursed Sinner,  
Doom'd to be Roasted, for the Devil's Din-  
ner.





## A Letter to a Friend.

*Generous Sir,*

**O**N Saturday last (the Day and Weather being as sad and dumpish as old *Saturn* himself) whilst I was in my Study (my Books and my self musty and melancholy) and my provisions for the next Day as poor as ever were made by Countrey Curate, sometimes scratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomest Quarter-master that ever came to my House) to take up Quarters for that gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) Doctor *Reynolds*. Sir, They no sooner entred my Study--but all my Books seem'd to disappear, as the Stars do at the rising of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, shame, confusion, and envy, my poor Shelves discovered; Some poor Authors stood gasping--others tumbled down, and others burst their Bindings--resolving to break Prison, rather than stand before such a Judge of Learning. Those few Fathers (which I had) seemed to meet in a Councel, what they should do, whether stay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was so full of Allegories

Allegories, and whimsies, they could not tell what to say to him ; but sure he and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old Age. *Justin* thought that he should again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractions. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wished himself again on his Pilgrimage: and my poor Country-man *Bede* got into a corner, and fell to his Beeds. On another shelf (for I have not many) my School-men looked like School-boys, and stood with their strings untied, ready untrussed for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wished he had not such summs to reckon for ; and all the Popish Authors I had fell to crossing themselves. But what a case (if my stout Folioes and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry—my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own English (men of many Editions, & worthy to be bound and gilded) gave back, and thrust one another: *Dod* and *Cleaver* were both silenced; Doctor *Prestons* All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency——*Thomas Goodwin* pulled his Caps in his Eyes, and became a Child of Light in Darknes—As for *John Goodwin*, he logot for a General Redemption of them all; but his Subfizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid. at the Doctors coming in, that he and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction. As  
for

for my Pamphlets and trash, they crouded together; and having no manner of Cover for themselves, many of them wish'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for Printing them, and themselves burn'd out of the way. Thus Sir, It was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravish'd! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and salute me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy. No sooner did open, and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an instant. The Vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of Sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110 *Psalms* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me, —the Prophet *Hosea* inspired me, and the Passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say, or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming. —

and

*From a kind Hand there came t' enrich a place  
In my poor Study, —the rare Works and Face  
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds —I receive  
The Book with joy —but no Gift (by your leave)  
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow  
I ne'r bad Piece could make me Preach till now:  
I'll pay for't (Sir) And — (which I ne'r shall do) 1  
When I can write such —you shall print them too.  
Mean time I prophesie, this Volume will  
Make both your Rose and Crown to flourish still.*

(30)  
Sir, accept and pardon this trash, — next  
Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally  
prove what I now set my Hand to— (*viz.*) That  
I am

Yours most Cordially,

R. W.

---

ALAS

---



Alas poor Scholar,  
VWhither wilt thou go?

O R

*Strange Alterations which at this  
time be,  
There's many did think they never  
should see.*

**I**N a Melancholy Study,  
None but my self,  
Methought my Muse grew muddy;  
After seven years Reading,  
And costly breeding,  
I felt, but could find no pelf:  
Into Learned Rags  
I've rent my Plush and Satten,  
And now am fit to beg  
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;  
In stead of Aristotle,  
Would I had got a Patten.  
*Alas poor Scholar, VWhither wilt thou go?*

D 2

Cambridge

Cambridge now I must leave thee,  
 And follow Fate,  
 Colledge hopes do deceive me !  
 I oft expected  
 To have been elected,  
 But Desert is reprobate.  
 Masters of Colledges  
 Have no common Graces,  
 And they that have Fellowships  
 Have but common Places,  
 And those that Scholars are  
 They must have handsome faces :  
*Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?*

I have bow'd, I have bended,  
 And all in hope  
 One day to be befriended.  
 I have preach'd, I have printed  
 What e'r I hinted,  
 To please our *English* Pope :  
 I worship'd towards the East,  
 But the Sun doth now forsake me ?  
 I find that I am falling,  
 The Northern winds do shake me :  
 Would I had been upright,  
 For Bowing now will break me :

At great Preferment I aimed,  
 Witness my Silk ;  
 But now my hopes are maimed :  
 I looked lately  
 To live most stately,  
 And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk ;  
 But now alas,  
 My self I must not flatter,  
 Bigamy of Steeples  
 Is a laughing matter ;  
 Each man must have but one,  
 And Curates will grow fatter.  
*Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go ?*

Into some Country Village  
 Now I must go,  
 Where neither Tythe nor Tillage  
 The greedy Patron  
 And parched Matron  
 Swear to the Church they owe :  
 Yet if I can Preach,  
 And pray too on a sudden,  
 And confute the Pope  
 At adventure, without studying,  
 Then ten pounds a year,  
 Besides a Sunday Pudding.

All the Arts I have skill in,  
 Divine and Humane,  
 Yet all's not worth a Shilling ;  
 When the Women hear me,  
 They do but jeer me,  
 And say, I am profane :  
 Once, I remember,  
 I preached with a Weaver,  
 I quoted *Austin*.  
 He quoted *Dod* and *Clever* ;  
 I nothing got,  
 He got a Cloak and Beaver :  
*Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go ?*

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,  
 Crossing the Main ;  
 Shall I in, and go over,  
 Turn Jew, or Atheist,  
 Turk, or Papist,  
 To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam* ?  
 Bishopricks are void  
 In *Scotland*, shall I thither ?  
 Or follow *Windbank*  
 And *Finch*, to see if either  
 Do want a Priest to shrive them ?  
 O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.  
*Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go ?*



Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,  
 Peace good-man Fool ;  
 Thou hast a Trade will fit it ;  
 Draw thy Indenture,  
 Be bound at adventure  
 An Apprentice to a Free-School ;  
 There thou mayst command  
 By *William Lylies* Charter ;  
 There thou mayst whip, strip,  
 And hang, and draw, and quarter,  
 And commit to the Red Rod  
 Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.  
*I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.*

R. W.

food  
 food.  
 ingt



THE

*Norfolk and Wisbich.*

## COCK-FIGHT.

By R.W.

**G**O you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,  
 And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;  
 That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,  
 And count all Dunghil-breed, that cannot show  
 Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice  
 With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;  
 Though Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks you  
 If y'are not Fighting Cocks, y'are not for me. (be,  
 I of two feathered Combatants will write;  
 And he that means to th'life to express their Fight,  
 Bishoke his Ink the blood which they did spill,  
 All In Sa their dying Wings must take his quill.  
 No so, foll were the doubtful People set,  
 The Match made up, and all that would had bet;  
 But straight the skilful Judges of the Play  
 Brought forth their sharp-heel'd Warriors; & they  
 Were both in Linnen Bags, as if 'twere meet  
 Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheet.

Into

Into the Pit they'r brought, and being there  
 Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer  
 Looks stoutly at his ne'r-before-seen Foe,  
 And like a Challenger began to crow,  
 And clap his Wings, as if he would display  
 His Warlike colours, which were black and gray.  
 Mean time the wary *Wishich* walks and breathes  
 His active Body, and in fury wreaths  
 His comely Crest; and often looking down,  
 He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.  
 This done, they meet, not like that coward Breed  
 Of *Æsop's*; these can better fight then feed:  
 They scorn the Dunghil; 'tis their only prize  
 To dig for Pearls within each others Eyes.  
 They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,  
 To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no;  
 If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,  
 Had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more,  
 As if each wound were but a Spur to prick  
 Their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick  
 Or red, then were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know  
 Whether 'twas blood, or anger made them so.  
 I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood  
 More safe, being walled in each others blood.  
 Thus they vy'd blows; but yet, alas, at length,  
 Although their courage were full tri'd, their strength  
 And blood began to ebb. You that have seen  
 A Watry Combat on the Sea, between  
 Two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how  
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;  
 Swelling

Swelling like graves, as though they did intend  
 T'intomb each other, ere the quarrel end ;  
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,  
 They are made *friends*, & *sweetly* run together ; (low  
 Maythink these Champions such: their blood grows  
 And they which leap'd but now, now scarce can go  
 For having lost th' advantage of the Heel,  
 Drunk with each others blood, they only reel ;  
 And yet they would fain fight : they came so near,  
 Methought they meant into each others ear  
 To whisper wounds ; and when they could not rise  
 They lay and look'd blows int' each others eyes.  
 But now the Tragick part ! After this fit,  
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,  
 And *Wibich* lay a dying, so that none,  
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,  
 Contracting, like a dying Taper, all  
 His strength, intending with the blow to fall,  
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,  
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.  
 And now poor *Norfolk*, having lost his Eyes,  
 Fights guided only by Antipathies :  
 With him, alas ! the Proverb is not true,  
 The blows his Eyes ne'r saw, his heart must rue.  
 At last, by chance, he stumbling on his Foe,  
 Not having any strength to give a blow,  
 He falls upon him with his wounded Head,  
 And makes his Conquerors wings his Feather-  
 His friends ran in, and being very chary, (bed.  
 Sent in all haste to call a Potheary :

But

But all in vain, his body did so blister,  
 That 'twas not capable of any Clyster.  
 Physick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore ;  
 Alas poor Cock, he was let blood before  
 Then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill,  
 He calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will ;

*Imp.* First of all, let never be forgot,  
 My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,  
 Decently to be boyl'd ; and for its Tomb,  
 Let it be buried in some hungry Womb,

*Item,* For Executors I'll have none,  
 But he that on my side laid seven to one ;  
 And, like a Gentleman that he may live,  
 To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,  
 Together with my Brains, that all may know,  
 That oftentimes his Brains did use to crow.

*Item,* For Comfort of those Weaker ones  
 Whose wives complain of, let them have my  
 For Ladies that are light, it is my Will, (Stones  
 My Feathers make a Fan. And for my Bills,  
 I'll give a Taylor : But 'faith 'tis so short,  
 I am afraid, he'll rather curse me for't.

And for that worthy Doctor's sake, who meant  
 To give me a Clyster, let my Rump be sent.

Lastly, because I find my self decay,  
 I yield, and give to *Wistich* Cock the day.

R.W.

UPON



UPON THE  
**D E A T H**  
 OF

*Dennis Bond, Esq;*

Who died four Dayes before the

**L O R D P R O T E C T O R.**

**N**ow whil'st *Whitehall* wears black, and men do  
 'Tis Treason any Colour else to wear; (fear  
 Whilst Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort  
 To the great Lion's Carcase, at the Court;  
 Whilst the sad Members of the Tother House  
 (That Mountain wch last year brought forth a Mouse)  
 Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,  
 And *Thurloe* wishes he had had nine Lives;  
 Whilst some lament, he dy'd without an Ax,  
 And fear the Funeral will cost Tax;  
 Whilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,  
 And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *A bone*;

Whilst

Whilst *England* puts her Finger in her Eye,  
 And *Welchmen* use their Leeks to make them cry;  
 Whilst Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe  
 Eycleped, Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe  
 (Or make their Marks at least) how full of Sadness  
 That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladness  
 That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lie, I fear,  
 For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:  
 Whilst the sad Poetasters of the times  
 Plaister the Hearse with miserable Rhymes,  
 And I, poor Man, might mend my Fortune too,  
 As sure as ever Lord *Hewson* mended Shoo,  
 If I could baste my Muse, and make her go:  
 I, by that great Ghosts leave, am well content  
 To wait upon a meaner Monument;  
 Yet fit to stand by this, if not above,  
 As having, though less Pomp, yet no less Love;  
 'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *English* Squire,  
 Whose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire  
 To reach the Sinews; just, pious, valiant wise,  
 Able for Counsel or for Enterprize;  
 Fit to set *Cato* Copies, if alive,  
 Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;  
 Th' Alchimy of whose single Judgement could  
 Convert a Leaden Council into Gold.  
*Atlas* of State! oh! if King *Charls* that's gone,  
 In stead of *Digby* and old *Cortington*,  
 Had had one *Dennis*; he had stood till now,  
 And kept the Crown fast on his Royal Brow.

*Cromwel*

*Cromwel* could not out-live him ; so our State  
 In one week lost their Pilot, and his Mate :  
 And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd ;  
 Yet was his Head struck off when *Dennis* dy'd.  
 Adieu, brave *Bond* ! My aged Muse shall burn  
 Her with' red Lawrel at thy sacred Urn.  
 Live thine own Monument, and scorn a Stone ;  
 Marbles themselves have flaws, thy Name has none  
 That plat of Earth which grasps thee in her womb,  
 Proud of such Treasure, swells into a Tomb.  
 When the next Parliament together come,  
 And miss their Western Patriot from his room,  
 Despairing that their Meeting will not speed,  
 Grief will dissolve them, no Protector need.

R.W.

---

Upon



*Upon some Bottles of Sack and Claret,  
laid in Sand, and covered with a  
Sheet.*

**E**Nter, and see this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear  
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you here :  
Weep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have  
Wine for their sweet Companions in the Grave.  
A dozen *Shakespears* here interr'd do lie ;  
Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.  
Did not the Mother Hog'shead, from whose womb  
These Babes sprang forth, burst when she saw this  
Tomb,

And swell with grief ? Did not the Butler sink,  
To see himself turn Sexton to his Drink ?  
'Twere commendable Sacrilege, no doubt,  
Could I come at your Grave, to steal you out :  
Howe'er, from this thy anxious Grave I will  
Some virtuous Athes take, wherewith I'll fill  
The Glass I preach by ; for I must be just,  
There lies Divinity within thy Dust.  
Unhappy Grape, could not one pressing do,  
But now alive you must be buried too ?  
Sleep on, but scorn to die, immortal Liquer :  
The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker :  
Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou maist  
A speedy Resurrection from the Grave, (hive  
AN



A N

## E S S A Y

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by  
**His Royal Highness the Duke of York,**

Against the *DUTCH*, upon *June 3. 1665.*

By the Author of *Iser Boreale.*

**G**OUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names  
 OF *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and  
 their victorious Fames,

On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,  
 (Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)  
 Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe  
 From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below;  
 Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,  
 Thou'rt not th' old Loyal Gout, but com'st from  
*France.*

'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,  
 I feel a Bonfire in my joynts, which warms  
 And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown  
 Twenty years younger; Victory hath done  
 What puzzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,  
*Probatum est*, 'twill cure an *English* Gout.

Come

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,  
 They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,  
 Which now returns in dances on our Seas,  
 A Conqueror above *Hyperboles*.  
 A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn  
 Less than an *Alexander* should be born  
 On her proud Back ; but to a Loyal Rein  
 Yields foaming Mouth, & bends her curled Main:  
 And conscious that she is too strait a Stage  
 For *Charls* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,  
 Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore  
 To yield more room, Her Master must have more,  
 Ingrateful Neighbours ! 'twas our kinder Isle,  
 With Her own Blood, made Your *Geneva* Stile  
 Writ in small Print [ Poor States and sore Perplext : ]  
 Swel to the [ *HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS* ] in  
 And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast [ text ;  
 Which in your Winter gave you Warmth & Rest ?  
 Poor *Flemish* Frogs, if Your Ambition thirst  
 To swell to *Eng ish* Greatness, You will burst.  
 Could you believe Our Royal Head would fail  
 To Nod those down, who fell before our Tail ?  
 Or could Your *Amsterdam* by her commands,  
 Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands ?  
 A bold attempt ! Pray practice it no more ;  
 We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.  
 It is enough ; The righteous Heavens have now  
 Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.  
 The Sentence is — The Surface must be ours,  
 But for the bottom of the Sea 'tis yours :

E

Thither

Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are  
Gone down to take possession of your share.

Methinks I here great *Triton* sound a Call,  
And through th' affrighted Ocean summon all  
His scaly Regiments, to come and take (make;  
Part of that *Feast* which *Charls* their King doth  
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,  
And feed on those who fed on them before ;  
Whom when they have digested, who can find  
Whether they're fish, or flesh, or what's their kind?  
*Van-Cod, Van-Ling, Van-Herring*, will be cry'd  
About their Streets ; All Fish, so *Dutchifi'd*.  
The States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,  
And meet their *Admirals* in butter'd Fish.  
Thus they'll imbody and increase their Crew ;  
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two.  
And on themselves they now must feed or fast ;  
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its *Last*.

### To the KING.

Great Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit  
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.  
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth ;  
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies  
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke, (forth,  
And kindle flames more Noble by my smোক ;  
My

My wisp of straw may set great Wood on Fire,  
 And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.  
 Amongst those Flags y<sup>e</sup> have taken from the Dutch,  
 Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch,  
 He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,  
 And with great numbers can your Navy meet,  
 His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey; [Bay  
 His Hand, *York's* Temples Crown with flourishing  
*Waller* (great Poet and true Prophet too)  
 Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew  
 The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,  
 (The Fishers (like their Herrings) bleeding new)  
 With the same hand shal give the World the Sights  
 Of what it must expect when *England* Fights.  
 That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,  
 Your modest *Cowley*, with Your breath will flame,  
 And make those *Belgick Beasts*, who live aspire  
 To fall your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. [Wonder,  
 He shall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Neptunus's*  
 And, like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clonds and Thunder.



THE GRATEFUL  
NON-CONFORMIST:

O R,

Return of Thanks to Sir J. B. Knight  
who sent the Author Ten

C R O W N S

1665.

**T**EN Crowns at once ! and to one man ! and he  
As despicable as bad Poets be !  
Who scarce has Wit (if you require the same)  
To make an Anagram upon your Name !  
Or to out-rime a Barber, or prepare  
An Epitaph to serve a *Quinbrough* Mayer !  
A limping *Levite* ! who scarce in his prime  
Could woe an *Abigail*, or say Grace in rhyme !  
Ten Crowns to such a Thing ! Friend, 'tis a dole  
Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Davemant's* Nose ;  
Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend,  
And more then all of them in Victuals spend.  
This free, free-Parliament, whose gift doth sound  
Full five and twenty hundred thousand pound :

Ye

You have out-done them, for yours was your own,  
And some of it shall last when theirs is gon.

Ten Crowns at once ! and now at such a time,  
When Love to such as I am, is a Crime  
Greater then his Recorded in *Jane Shore*,  
Who gave but one poor loaf to the starv'd Whore.  
What, now to help a Non-Conformist ! Now  
When Ministers are broke that will not bow !  
When 'tis to be unblest to be ungirt !  
To wear no Surplice, doth deserve no shirt :  
No Broth, no Meat ; no Service, no Protection ;  
No Cross, no Coin ; no Collect, no Collection !

You are a daring Knight, thus to be kind ;  
If trusty *Roger* get it in the wind  
Hee'l smell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,  
Especially for what you gave the *Scot* !  
And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,  
They'l clap a Pariter upon your back :  
Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar  
Of a Cashier'd Red-coat, or poor Scholar.  
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't ?  
Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't ?  
Did you as Doctor, flux some Usurer ?  
And with your quick, did his dull Silver stir ?  
Or did your Zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,  
To give the Church the booties you should take ?  
Or was it your desire to beg Applause ?  
Or shew affection to the good old Cause ?  
Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the stickle  
Betwixt the old Church and new Conventicle ?

No, none of these, but I have hit the thing,  
It was because you knew I lov'd the King.

Ten Crowns at once ! Sir you'l suspected be  
For no good Protestant, you are so free.  
So much at once ! sure you ne'r gave before,  
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more.  
This is enough to make a man protest  
*Religio Medici* to be the best.

The Christians, for whose sakes we are undone,  
Would have cry'd out, oh ! 'tis too much for one  
Either to give or take ! what needs this wast ?  
Oh, how they love to have us keep a Fast !  
Five private Meetings, (where at each, four men  
In black coats, and white caps, (you'l call them  
A team of Ministers) have tug'd all day, (then  
Deserving Provender, but scarce got hey ;  
Where I my self have drawn my part some hours,  
Have not afforded such return as yours.  
I'de wish them watch, and keep me sober still ;  
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will  
In me, but want of Wine does make me lame,  
Or else I'de sacrifice them to the flame  
Of a high blazing Satyr. Here's a man  
Who ne'r pretended at your rates, yet can  
More freely feed us, with Wine and good Dishes,  
Then they (yet that's their alms) with sighs and

Oh, for a Rapture ! how shall I describe (wishes  
The love of thousands to their Reading Tribe !  
Who so maintain'd them, when they lost their places  
They did not loose one pimple from their faces ;



But after all, full fraught with flesh and flaggon,  
 Came forth like Monks, or Priests of Bel & Dragon  
 One would have judg'd by their high looks & smells  
 They had been kept in Cellars, not in Cells :  
 Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt  
 Some that went Firkins in, came Hogs heads out.  
 But ours in two years time are skin and bones,  
 And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *App'e Johns* :  
 One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much,  
 But ere't be long we all shal look like such ;  
 And when that comes to pass, the world shall see,  
 Who are the Ghostly Fathers, they or we ;  
 And then our bellies (without better fare )  
 Will be as empty as their Noddles are :  
 Though we are silent, our guts will not be so,  
 But make a Conventicle as they go :  
 Poor *Colon* peace, and cease thy croking din,  
 Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin*.

Niggardly Puritans ! blush at the odds  
 Betwixt the *Bonnors* and the meagre *Dodds* ;  
 You give your Drink in Thimbles, they in Bowls,  
 Your Church is poor *St. Faiths* and theirs is *Pauls* ;  
 And whilst you Priests and Altars do despise,  
 Your selves prove Priests, and we your Sacrifice.

But why do I permit my Muse to whine ?  
 I wish my Brethren all such cheeks as mine,  
 And those that wish us well, such hearts as thine.

My Noble *Baber*, I have chosen you  
 For my Physician, and my Champion too ;

Give me but sometimes such a dose, and I  
Will ne'r wish other Cordial till I die,  
And then Proclaim you a most Valiant Knight,  
(Shew but such Mettle) though you never Fight.

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A

## P O E M

UPON THE

Imprisonment

O F

M<sup>R</sup>. CALAMYIn *NEWGATE*.

**T**His Page I send you Sir, your *Newgate* Fate  
Not to condole, but to congratulate.

I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,  
 Their rich Preferments, nor their richer *Facts* :  
 To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,  
 As if they meant that way to Heaven to get.  
 I can behold them take into their Gills  
 A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills,  
 And never grieve at it : Let them swim in Wine  
 While others drown in tears, i'll not repine,  
 But my heart truly grudges (I confess)  
 That you thus loaded are with happiness ;  
 For so it is : And you more blessed are  
 In *Peters* Chain, than if you set in's Chair.  
 One Sermon bath preferr'd you so much Ho-  
 nour,

A man could scarce have had from Bishop *Bon-*  
*ner* ;

Whilst we ( your Brethren ) poor Erratics  
 be,

You are a glorious fixed Star we see.  
 Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home,  
 To a safe Habitation you are come.  
 What though it be a Goal ? Shame and Disgrace  
 Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.  
 Who thinks reproach or injuries is done  
 By an Eclipse to the unspotted *Sun* ?  
 He only by that black upon his brow  
 Allures spectators more ; and so do you.  
 Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,  
 And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's God :

*New-*

*Newgate* or *Hell* were *Heav'n*, if *Christ* were  
there,

He made the *Stable* so, and *Sepulcher*.

Indeed the place did for your presence call ;

*Prisons* do want perfuming most of all.

Thanks to the *Bishop*, and his good *Lord Mayor*,  
Who turn'd the *Den* of *Thieves* into a *House* of  
*Prayer* :

And may some *Thief* by you converted be,

Like him who suffer'd in *Christ's* company.

Now would I had sight of your *Mittimus* ;

Fain would I know why you are dealt with  
thus.

*Jaylor*, set forth your *Prisoner* at the *Bar*,

*Sir*, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, It is prov'd that you being dead in *Law*  
(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)

Did walk and haunt your *Church*, as if you'd  
scarce

Away the *Reader* and his *Common-Prayer*.

Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,

But like a *Puritan* your *Ghost* did talk.

Dead, and yet *Preach* ! these *Presbyterian* slaves

Will not give over *Preaching* in their *Graves*.

*Items*, You play'd the *Thief*, and ist be so,

Good reason (*Sir*) to *Newgate* you should go :

And now you're there, some dare to swear you  
are

The greatest *Pick-pocket* that e're came there :

Your

Your Wife too, little better then your self you  
make,

She is th' Receiver of each Purse you take.  
But your great Theft, you act it in your Church,  
(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,  
That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray  
And preach, so that you stole mens hearts away.  
So that good man to whom your place doth fall,  
Will find they have no heart for him at all :  
This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment ;  
What can't you *Non-conformists* be content  
Sermons to make except you preach them too ;  
They that your places have, this Work can do.  
Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout  
For all good men, you leave the Bishops out :  
This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spel  
Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate-hell* :  
Would I were there too, I should like it wel.  
I would you durst swap punishment with me ;  
Pain makes me fitter for the company  
Of roaring boys ; and you may lie a bed,  
Now your Name's up ; pray do it in my stead,  
And if it be deny'd us to change places,  
Let us for sympathy compare our cases ;  
For if in suffering we both agree,  
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me :  
I am the older Goal-bird ; my hard fate  
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripple-gate* ;  
Old *Bishop Gout*, that Lordly proud disease,  
Took my fat body for his Diocess,

W here

Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb,  
 And makes them (*Levite*-like) conform to him,  
 Severely he doth Article each joint,  
 And makes enquiry into every point :  
 A bitter enemy to preaching ; he  
 Hath half a year sometimes suspended me :  
 And if he find me painful in my station,  
 Down I am sure to go next Visitation :  
 He binds up, looseth ; sets up and pulls down ;  
 Pretends he draws ill humours from the Crown :  
 But I am sure he maketh such ado,  
 His humors trouble Head and members too :  
 He hath me now in hand, and e're he goes,  
 I fear for *Hereticks* he'l burn my toes.  
 O ! I would give all I am worth, a fee,  
 That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,  
 One Bishop clapt up you, another me :  
 But oh ! the difference too is very great,  
 You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat, }  
 I want them all, and never a penny get. }  
 And though you be debarr'd your liberty,  
 Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,  
 Good Men, good Women, and good Angels come  
 And make your Prison better then your home.  
 Now may it be so till your foes repent  
 They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.  
 May for the greater comfort of your lives,  
 Your lying in be better then your Wives.

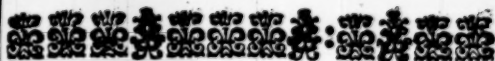
May you a thousand friendly papers see,  
And none prove empty, except this from me.  
And if you stay may I come keep your door,  
Then farewel Parsonage, I shall ne'r be poor.

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ON





ON THE  
DEATH  
OF

M<sup>R</sup>. CALAMY,

*Not known to the Author of a long  
time after. Anno 1667.*

**A**Nd must our Deaths be silenc'd too! I  
guess  
Tis some dumb Devil hath possess'd the Press;  
*Calamy* dead without a Publication!  
'Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation;  
For had this Prophet's Funeral been known;  
It must have had an Universal Groan;  
Afflicted *London* would then have been found  
In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;  
And

And those who found no Tears their flames to  
quench,  
Would yet have wept a Showre, his Herse to  
drench.

Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly  
Sheet,  
With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names did  
meet.

The Emp'ress, how her Petticoat was lac'd,  
And how her Lacquyes Liveries were sac'd ;  
What's her chief Woman's Name ; what Dons do  
bring

Almonds and Figs to *Spain's* great little King :  
Is much concern'd if the Pope's Toe but akes,  
When he breaks Wind, and when a Purge he  
takes ;

He who can gravely advertise, and tell  
Where *Lookier* and *Roland Rippin* dwell ;  
Where a Black-Box or Green-Bag was lost ;  
And who was Knighted, though not what it cost :  
Methinks he might have thought it worth the  
while,

Though not to tell us who the State beguile,  
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired ;  
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired ;  
Though not how Popery exalts its head,  
And Priests and Jesuits their poyson spread ;  
Yet in swoln Characters he might let fly,  
*The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.*

Had *Crackf*——'s Fiddle been in tune, (but he  
Is now a Silenc'd Man as well as We)

He had struck up loud Musick, and had plaid  
A Jig for joy that *Calamy* was laid;  
He would have told how many Coaches went;  
How many Lords and Ladies did lament;  
What Handkerchiefs were sent, and in them  
Gold

To wipe the Widows, he would have told;  
All had come out, and we beholden all  
To him, for th' overflowing of his gall.

But why do I thus Rant without a cause?  
Is not Concealment Policy? Whose Laws  
My silly peevish Muse doth ill oppose;  
For publick Losses no Man should disclose;  
And such was this, a greater loss by far,  
One Man of God then twenty Men of War;  
It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd,  
Wept over him, and Father, Father cry'd.  
O if thy Life and Ministry be done,  
My Chariots and Horsemen, strength is gone:  
I must speak sober words, for well I know  
If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,  
A lye, though in his Praise, would make him  
frown,

And chide me, when with *Jesus* he comes down  
To judge the World.—— This little little He,  
This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,  
*Aldermanbury's* Curate, and no more,  
Though he a mighty Miter might have wore,

F Could

Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man;  
 With the most pompous Metropolitan :  
 How have we known him captivate a throng,  
 And made a Sermon twenty thousand strong ;  
 And though black-mouths his Loyalty did  
 charge,

How strong his tug was at the Royal Barge,  
 To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well at-  
 test,

Then, when poor Prelacy lay dead in'ts nest ;  
 For if a Collect could not fetch him home,  
*Charles* must stay out, that Interest was mum.  
 Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make  
 Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience-  
 sake.

Unbribed Loyalty ! his highest reach  
 Was to be Master *Calamy*, and preach.  
 He bless'd the King, who Bishop him did name,  
 And I bless him who did refuse the same.  
 O ! had our Reverend Clergy been as free  
 To serve their Prince without Reward, as he,  
 They might have had less Wealth with grea-  
 ter Love :

Envy, like Winds, endangers things above ;  
 Worth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem ;  
 The highest Weathercock the least doth seem.

If you would know of what disease he dy'd,  
 His grief was Chronical it is reply'd.  
 For had he opened been by Surgeons art,  
 They had found *London* burning in his heart ;  
 How

How many Messengers of death did he  
 Receive with Christian Magnanimity !  
 The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, Ills which did arise  
 Form Grievs and Studies, not from Luxuries ;  
 The Megrim too, which still strikes at the Head ;  
 These he stood under, and scarce staggered.

Might he but work, though loaded with these  
 Chains,

He Pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his  
 pains.

Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,  
 And though that blow he ne're recovered,  
 (For he remained speechless to his close)

Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for  
 those

From whom he had that wound : he liv'd to  
 hear

An hundred thousand buried in one Year,  
 In his Dear City, over which he wept,  
 And many Fasts to keep off Judgments kept ;  
 Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart, he liv'd to be  
 Depriv'd, driv'n out, and kept out, liv'd to see  
 Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches, which Heav'n nev'r  
 burns,

But to light Kings or Kingdoms to their Urns,  
 He liv'd to see the Glory of our Isle,  
*London*, consumed in its Funeral Pile.  
 He liv'd to see that lesler day of Doom,  
*London*, the Priests Burnt-sacrifice to *Rome* ;

That blow he could not stand, but with that  
Fire,

As with a Burning Feaver, did expire.

Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said,  
He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.

So Father *Eli* in the Sacred page

Sat quivering with fear, as much as age,

Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News,

How it far'd with the Army of the *Jews*.

*Israel flies*, that struck his Palsie-head;

The next blow stunned him, *Your Sons are  
dead*;

But when the third stroke came, *The Ark is  
lost*;

His heart was wounded, and his life it cost.

Thus fell this Father, and we well do know

He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

---

The

## The EPITAPH.

**H**ere a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,  
 Who did INDEED a Bishoprick  
 deny.

When his Lord comes, then, then the World  
 shall see

Such bumble Ones, the rising-Men shall be.

How many Saints whom he had sent before,

Shouted to see him enter Heavens door :

There his blest Soul beholds the face of God,

While we below groan out our Ichabod,

Under his burned-Church his Body lies,

But shall it self a glorious Temple rise :

May his kind flock when a new Church they  
 make,

Call it St. Edmundsbury for his sake.

R. W.



T H E  
**Loyal-Nonconformist ;**  
 O R

An Account what he dare swear  
 and what he dare not swear.

Published in the year, 1666.

**I** Fear an Oath, before I swear to take it ;  
 And well I may, for 'tis the Oath of  
 God :  
**I** fear an Oath, when I have sworn, to break  
 it :

And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Rod.

And yet I may swear, and must too, 'tis due  
 Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King ;  
 If I assent, it must be full and true ;  
 And if I promise, I must do the thing,



I am no *Quaker*, not at all to swear;  
 Nor *Papist*, to swear East, and mean the  
 West;  
 But am a *Protestant*, and shall declare  
 What *I cannot*, and what *I can* protest.

I never will endeavour Alteration  
 Of Monarchy, nor of that Royal Name,  
 Which God hath chosen to command this Na-  
 tion,  
 But will maintain his Person, Crown and  
 Fame :

What he commands, if *Conscience* say not nay,  
 (For *Conscience* is a greater King then he)  
 For *Conscience-sake*, not *Fear*, I will obey;  
 And if not *Active*, *Passive* I will be.

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree,  
 And never more be crumbled into parts;  
 I will endeavour that his Majestie  
 May not be King of *Clubs*, but King of  
*Hearts*.

The *Royal Oak* I swear I will defend;  
 But for the *Ivy* which doth hug it so,  
 I swear that is a Thief, and not a friend,  
 And about Steeples fitter far to grow.

The Civil-Government I will obey;  
 But for Church-Policy I swear I doubt it;  
 F 4 And

And if my Bible want th' *Apocrypha*,  
 I'll swear my Book may be compleat with-  
 out it.

I dare not swear Church-Government is right  
 As it should be ; but this I dare to swear,  
 (If they should put me to't) the Bishops might  
 Do better, and be better than they are.

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth,  
 That Bishopricks will stand, and Doomsday  
 see ;  
 And yet I'll swear the Gospel holdeth forth  
 Christ with his Ministers till then will be.

That *Peter* was a Prelat they aver ;  
 But I'll not swear't when all is said and  
 done :  
 But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,  
 He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one.

*Peter* a Fisher was, and he caught Men :  
 And they have Nets, and in them catch Men  
 too ;  
 Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for them  
 He caught he sav'd : these catch, and them  
 undo.

I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick  
 Do in their Laws make just and gentle  
 Votes ;

But

But I'll be sworn that *Burton, Pryn* and *Bastwick*  
Were once *Ear-witnesses* of harsher Notes.

Archdeacons, Deans and Chapters are brave men,  
By Canon, not by Scripture : but to this,  
If I be call'd, I'll swear, and swear agen,  
That no such *Chapter* in my Bible is.

I'll not condemn those *Presbyterians*, who  
Refused *Bishopricks*, and might have had'em:  
But *Mistris Calamy* I'll swear doth do  
As well as if she were a *Spiritual Madam*.

I will not swear, that they who this Oath take,  
Will for Religion e're lay down their Lives :  
But I will swear they will good Juglers make,  
Who can already swallow down such Knives.

For Holy Vestments I'll not take an Oath  
Which Linen most Canonical may be ;  
Some are for *Lawn*, some *Holland*, some *Scot-*  
*cloth* ;  
And *Hemp* for some is fitter than all three.

*Paul* had a Cloak, and Books, and Parchments  
too ;  
But that he wore a *Surplice* I'll not swear,  
Nor that his Parchments did his *Orders* shew,  
Or in his Books there was a *Common-Prayer*.

I owe assistance to the King by Oath ;  
 And if he please to put the Bishops down,  
 As who knows what may be, I should be loth  
 To see *Tom Beckers* Miter push the Crown.

And yet Church-Government I do allow,  
 And am contented Bishops be the men ;  
 And that I speak in earnest, here I vow  
 Where we have one, I wish we might have  
 ten.

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,  
 And seek the Peace and Welfare of the Na-  
 tion :

If this won't do, I know not what to say,  
 But farewell *London*, farewell *Corporation*.

R.W.

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THE

THE  
RECONTATION  
OF A  
Penitent PROTEUS;  
OR,  
*The* CHANGLING.

As it was acted with good Ap-  
plause in *St. Maries* in *Cam-*  
*bridge*, and *St. Pauls* in  
*London*, 1663.

---

*To the Tune of Dr. Faustus.*

---

*London*, Re-printed in the year,  
1 6 6 8.

I owe assistance to the King by Oath ;  
 And if he please to put the Bishops down,  
 As who knows what may be, I should be loth  
 To see *Tom Becket's* Miter push the Crown.

And yet Church-Government I do allow,  
 And am contented Bishops be the men ;  
 And that I speak in earnest, here I vow  
 Where we have one, I wish we might have  
 ten.

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,  
 And seek the Peace and Welfare of the Na-  
 tion :

If this won't do, I know not what to say,  
 But farewell *London*, farewell *Corporation*.

R.W.

---

THE

THE  
RECANTATION  
OF A  
Penitent PROTEUS;  
OR,  
*The* CHANGLING.

As it was acted with good Ap-  
plause in *St. Maries* in Cam-  
bridge, and *St. Pauls* in  
London, 1663.

---

*To the Tune of Dr. Faustus.*

---

London, Re-printed in the year,  
1 6 6 8.

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*Proteus his penal Resolution,  
speaking alone in the  
Tyring-house before his  
entring the Pulpit.*

**O** H I am almost mad, 'twould make one  
so,  
To see which way *Presentments* game  
doth go.

I ever thought I had her in the *Wind*,  
And yet I'm cast above *three years* behind.

*Three times* already I have turn'd my Coat ;  
*Three times* already I have chang'd my Note :  
I'll make it *four* and *four* and *twenty* more,  
And turn the Compaſs round ere I'll give ore.

Love to *Church-members* I will give no more ;  
For now I'll only court the *Scarlet Whore*.  
I'll ask the *Bishops* blessing ; and good-night  
To *Thomas Goodwyn*, and his *Child of Light*.

Poor

Poor man, he wears his Capps too much in's  
eyes

To be my Guide; No, I must be *more wise*.  
On all my *Brethren* I will look awry,  
And cry, *Stand farther off to Philip Nye*.

*Ambition*, my great Goddess and my Muse,  
Inspire thy *Prophets* all such Arts to use,  
As may exalt; Betwixt this and my Grave  
A *Miter*, or a *Halter*, I must have.

Tell me (*Ambition*) prethee tell me why  
So many *Dunces* Doctors and not I?  
A *Scarlet Gown* I must and will obtain,  
I cannot else commence a *Priest in grain*.

Among the *Doctors* I can get no room  
Till I *recant*; that is my shameful doom.  
*Hang shame*, I'll do it, and my end's to gain;  
I'll *cant*, *recant*, and *re-recant* again.

Now help me great *Ambition*, for thy sake  
To *break my sleep*, to *break my Brains*, to *break*  
My *Faith* and *Oaths*, and so to act my part,  
That men may think I have a *broken Heart*.

When I do preach my *tears do trickle down*;  
But in my *sleeve* (my Caslock sleeves and Gown)  
I *laugh*, to think how by my *whining trade*  
So many Fools in one day I have made.

Help

Help me, my *Muse*, a new Song I desire  
 By thee may be prepared for the *Quire*;  
 That when my *Recantation Sermon's* done,  
 This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung.

But yet one thing ere I begin, I crave  
 A benefit, which Poets use to have,  
 That now and then, to make my Rimes agree,  
 What ends in *Lie*, may be pronounced *LEE*.

## *The Second Part ;*

Or, the

# Changling in the Pulpit.

*To the same Tune.*

**A**ttend good People, lay by scoffs and  
 scorns,  
 Let *Round-beads* all this day pull in their  
*Horns*,  
 But let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*  
 Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.

Take

Take from my neck this *Robe*, a *Rop's* more fit;  
 And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-sheet*,  
 This Pulpit is too good to act my part,  
 More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart :

There I deserv'd t' have taken my degree,  
 And Doctor *Dun* should have presented me;  
 There with an *Hempen Hood* I should be sped;  
 And his *three-corner'd Cap* should crown my head.

Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,  
 And of the *Beast* to give my self the brand;  
 Here, by confessing I have been i'th wrong,  
 I come to *bore* my self through my own tongue.

In Learning my poor Parents brought up me;  
 And sent me to the Univerſitie;  
 There I soon found *bowing* the way to *riſe*;  
 And th'only *Logick* was the *Falacies*.

In ſtead of *Aristotles Organon*,  
 Anthems and Organs I did ſtudy on;  
 If I could play on them, I ſoon did find;  
 I rightly had Preferment in the wind.

I follow'd that hot ſcent without controul,  
 I bow'd my body, and I ſung *Fa Sol*;  
 I cozen'd Doctor *Couzens*, and ere long  
 A Fellowship obtained for a Song.

Then

Then by degrees I climb'd, until I got  
Good *Friends*, good *Cloaths*, good *Commons*, and  
what not?

I got so long, until at length I got  
*A Wench with Child*, and then I got a blot.

Before the *Consistory* I was try'd,  
Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd,  
And from *the Whore I made* I was *made free*,  
By purging of my self *Incont'nent-LEE*.

But as I scorn'd to father mine own Brat,  
'Twas done to me as I had done with That;  
The Doctors all, when Doctor I would be,  
As a *base son*, refus'd to *father* me.

With much ado, at length by art and cunning,  
My Tears & Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*  
Me to adopt; and for his love and care,  
I will devote my self to *Peter's Chair*.

*Cambridge* I left with grief and great disgrace,  
To seek my fortune in some other place;  
And that I might the better save my stake,  
I took *an Order*, and did *Orders take*.

Amongst *Conformists* I my self did list,  
A *Son o'th Church* as good as ever pist.  
But though I bow'd, and cring'd, & crost & all,  
I only got a Vicarage very small.

G

Ere

Ere I was warm ( and warm I ne're had bin  
 In such a *starved hole* as I was in)  
 A *Fire* upon the Church and Kingdom came,  
 Which I straight helpt to blow into a *flame*.

### *The Third Part.*

**M**Y Conscience first, like *Balaam's Ass*,  
 was shy,  
 Bogled and winc'd; which when I did espy,  
 I cudgeld her, and spur'd her on each side,  
 Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender back,  
 She would not leave the *Protestant dull Rack*,  
 Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit* I got,  
 And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*;

'Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas)  
 The *Independent Amble* easier was,  
 I taught her that, and out of that to fall  
 To the *Tantivy* of *Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack  
 Of Arguments for th' *Cov'nant* on her back.  
 That Journey she perform'd at such a rate,  
 Th' Committee gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.

From *Hatfield* to *St. Albans* I did ride;  
 The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;  
 There I so spurd her, that I made her fling,  
 Not only *dirt*, but *blood* upon my *King*.

When *Cromwel* turn'd his Masters out by force;  
 I made the Beast draw like a *Brewers horse*;  
 Under the *Rump* I made her wear a *Crooper*,  
 And under *Lambert* she became a *Trooper*.

When Noble *Monk* the KING did home  
 convey,  
 She (like *Darius Steed*) began to *neigh*.  
 I taught her since to *Organ Pipes* to prance,  
 As *Banks* his Horse could to a *Fiddle* dance.

Now with a *Snaffle*, or a *twined thread*,  
 To any *Government* she'l turn her head:  
 I have so broke her, she doth never start,  
 And that's the meaning of my *broken heart*.

I have found out a cunning way with ease,  
 To make her cast her Coat when ere I please;  
 And if at *Rack* and *Manger* she may be,  
 Her *Colts tooth* she will keep most *Wanton-LEE*.

I'll change as often as the *Man* i'th *Moon*;  
 [ His frequent *Changing* makes him rise so soon ]  
 To eat *Church Plumb-broth* e're it all be gone,  
 I'll have the *Devil's spoon* but I'll have One.

For many years my Tongue did *lick the Rump*;  
 But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,  
 I did resolve still in my hand to have  
 One *winning Card*, although 'twere but a *Knave*.

If the *Great Turk* to *England* come, I can  
 Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alchoran*;  
 And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,  
 I have in readiness my *Friday face*.

If lockt in Iron Chest ( as we are told )  
 A *Loadstone* their great *Mahomet* can hold :  
 The *Loadstone* of *Preferment* ( I presage )  
 To *Mahomet* may draw this *Iron Age*.

The *Congregation* way best pleas'd my mind ;  
 There were more *Shees*, and they most free and  
 kind :  
 By *Chamber practice* I did better thrive,  
 Than all my *Livings*, though I *skimmed five*.

Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to see,  
 With Tears I cry, *Good People Pardon me* ;  
 My *Reverend Fathers* Pardon I do crave,  
 And hope my *Mothers Blessing* yet to have.

My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,  
 My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely-Isle*,  
 My *Leicester* sins, my *Harfield* sins are many,  
 But my *St. Albans* sins more red than any.



To *CHARLES the first* I was a bloody foe;  
 I wish I do not serve the *Second* so :  
 The only way to make me leave that trick,  
 Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.

This is St. *Andrews* Eve, and for his sake  
 A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take;  
 And though a *Metropolitan* there be,  
 I'd be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,  
 Let others call't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*,  
 A *Plot* that takes, if it believed be;  
 If not I shall repent *Unfained-LEE*.

I must desire the *Crack-fart* of the Nation,  
 With *rev'rance* to let fly this *Recantation*;  
 Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a *sweet*  
 change,  
 Mine only is *Strange-Lee*, and his *Le-strange*.

---



# THE PORING DOCTOR,

OR

*The Gross mistake of a Reverend Son  
of the Church, in bowing at the name  
of Judas at St. Pauls, No-  
vember 5. 1663.*

**T**He *Papists*, God wot,  
made a notable *Plot*  
'Against the Church and the State ;  
Which some with good reason,  
Call *Gunpowder-Treason*,  
Discover'd ere 'twas too late.

Those who before,  
Had weltr'd in gore  
Of *Protestant Martyrs* slain,  
Resolv'd with one breath,  
Of Hell beneath,  
To blow up all by a Train

The *Bishops*, good men,  
Were in jeopardy then,  
The *Lords*, the *Commons*, the *King* ;  
*Religion*, and *Laws*,  
For the *Catholick Cause*  
To be made a *Burnt Offring*.

Thus swell'd with dispight,  
To raise darkness and night,  
Heav'n caused the brood to miscarry ;  
That day big with *Thunder*,  
Held forth Mercies wonder,  
And therefore kept *Anniversary*.

You the present *Lord Mayor*,  
And *Brethren* repair,  
With the several *Corporations*,  
To *Pauls Church* to pray,  
And solemnize the *Day*  
That so seasonably saved *three Nations*.

But good *Doctor* ———  
When he came before ye  
The Sacred Gospel to read,  
At *Judas* his name,  
(O horrible shame ! )  
He bowed his Reverend head.

Some say that his *fight*  
 (Poor man) is not right,  
 I wish that it be no worse ;  
 But others think *he*,  
 To *Judas* bow'd th'*knee*,  
 For love he bears to the *Purse*.

His *Worship* made doubt,  
 Where the battel was fought,  
 When *Michael* did prevail ;  
 But to me it is clear,  
 For *an hundred a year*  
 He'l bow to the *Dragons Tail*.

*Twelve Spiritual Promotions*,  
 A head full of *Notions*,  
 With stomach more sharp than a *Syke*,  
 Some of *Bishopsgate* there,  
 Perhaps did appear,  
 Whose Cloaths were pawn'd for his *Tytche*.

These things set before,  
 And some small reasons more,  
 His slender wit had overthrown,  
 Nor can he tell how,  
 To read, *cring* or *bow*  
 By any one's Book but his own.

What then shall we say,  
 Can he *Preach*, can he *Pray*,  
 Or put to *rebuke* the *Gainsayer*,  
 Who in reading the Word,  
 Discerns not our *Lord*  
 From him that was his *betray*er ?

Sure this *doting Fool*,  
 Must once more to School  
 Before his return to the *Altar*,  
 Such another *mistake*,  
 May possibly make  
 His *neck* to deserve a Silk *H*——

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THE

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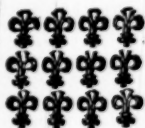


THE  
FAIR QUARREL,

By way of Letter,  
Between Mr. *Wanley*, a  
Son of the Church;  
and Dr. *Wilde*, a  
*Nonconformist*.

Published in the Year, 1666.

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*London*, Reprinted in the year,  
1668.

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Mr. Nathan Wanley to Dr.  
Wild, who was laid aside for  
Nonconformity.

**S**O the bright Taper useles burns  
To private and recluded Urns.  
So Pearls themselves to shels confine,  
And Gems in the Seas bottom shine,  
As thou my *WILD* while thou dost lye  
Huddled up in thy privacy,  
And only now and then dost send  
A Letter to thy private Friend;  
Take oncc again thy Lyre, and so  
Let thy selected Numbers flow,  
As when thy solemn Muse did prove  
To sing the Funeral of Love;  
Or, as when with the Trump of fame  
Thou didst sound forth great *George's* name,  
In such a strain, as might it be,  
Did speak thy self as great as he.  
For while great *Cowley* seeks the shade,  
And *Denham's* noble Wit's mislaid;  
When *Davnant's* weary Quill lies by,  
And yeelds no more of *Lumbardy*;

While

While the sweet Virgin *Muses* be  
 By *Wild* led int' a Nunnerie ;  
 While thus *Apollo's* Priests retire,  
 The Females do begin t' aspire,  
 Pretending they have found a flaw  
 In great *Apollo's* Salique Law ;  
 These grasp at Lawrel, only due  
 To such as I have nam'd, and you.

*Dr. Wild to the Ingenious  
 Mr. Wanley.*

**W**Hat jolly Shepherds voice is this  
 Would tempt me from my private blifs,  
 After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder  
 Threatens to rend that Oak in sunder,  
 Under whose boughs in fairer dayes  
 We sate secure, and sang the Praise  
 Of our great *Pan*, whose care did keep  
 The pleasent Shepherds and their Sheep ?  
 Is this a time with wanton strains  
 To whistle forth the Nymphs and Swains  
 To sport and dance, while Wolf and Fox  
 Lye lurking to devour our Flocks,  
 And *Romes Sheep-stealers* ready stand  
 To give them their *red letters* brand ?  
 Dost thou not know, my sanguine Son,  
 What th'*Plague* and *Fire* have lately done ?

*London*

London hath sent up such a smoke;  
 As may the Angels voices choake,  
 And make tears big enough, to vent  
 Tears in a deluge, to lament  
 The *raging fury* of that *Flame*,  
 But more of those that *made* the same:  
 And when *St. Paul* has lost his *Quire*,  
 'Twere Sacrilege to touch my *Lyre*.  
 None but a monster *Nero* may  
 Over a *burning City* play.  
 Nor would I sing, were I a *Jew*,  
 To please a *Babylonish Crew*.  
 Now since the time for sorrow cries;  
 In this I freely temporize.  
 So the bright Starrs draw in their light;  
 When Clouds club for an ugly night.  
 So all the Birds of Musick sleep  
 On stormy dayes, and Silence keep.  
 So frost-nipt Roses droop and fall,  
 Perfuming their own funerall.  
 So you have seen a well-run'd *Lyre*  
 Swelling it self with grief and ire.  
 In gloomy air, each heart-broke string  
 Its own last passing-bell doth ring.  
 So when *Bellona's* Trumpet sounds,  
 Our *softer Muses* Musick drownds.  
 Sir, by my many *soes* you know  
 My Poetry is but *so so*.  
 But why dost thou disdain or fear,  
 That *Female* brows should Lawrel wear?

Hast

Hast thou forgot that Noble Tree  
 It self was made out of a *shee* ?  
 The Muses and the Graces all  
 We of the *Female Gender* call ;  
 And so if you have not more care,  
 You'l find the *Furies* likewise are.

Nor would I have you wonder why  
 Our Poets *all* *amort* do lye,  
 When *Claret* and *Canary* cease,  
 The Wits will quickly hold their peace.  
*Vintnars* and *Poets* fall together,  
 If once the *Ivey-Garland* wither.

Sweet *Cowly* thought ( as well he might )  
 He should hrve shin'd in *Phœbus* fight ;  
 But Clouds appear'd, and he that made  
 Account of *Juno*, found a shade ;  
 And though on *Dauids Harp* he plaid,  
 The *evil Spirit* can't be laid :  
 Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,  
 And his own Secretary proves.

Your next mans temples Lawrel scorns ;  
 Since greater pride his brows adorns.  
 He to *Pernass.* bears no good will,  
 Becanse it proves a *horned hill*.  
 The very thoughts whereof I dread  
 Will ne're be got out of his head.

*Gondebert's* silent, I suppose,  
 Because his Muse sings *through the nose*,  
 One syllable of which poor he  
 Did lose by an *Apocope*.

*Wild* faves, kind *Wanley* you'r to blame  
 Amongst these *Swans* his *Goose* to name,  
 Yea though his lucky *gagling* *jaul*  
 Once help to save one *Capital*;  
 His *love* to *Love* then made him fear  
 His *neck*, not *brow*, a Wreath should wear.  
 Next he did one a Loyal string  
 His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* sing;  
 But now because he cannot toot  
 To *Organ* tunes, he's made a *mute*;  
 And though alive, condemn'd to death:  
 Therefore, *dear Sir*, in vain your breath,  
 Although perfum'd and hot does come,  
 To blow wind in a *dead mans bumb*;  
 Yet as a gteateful Legacy,  
 He leaves to thee his *Nannery*,  
 Not doubting but if need require  
 Thou'lt prove an *able loving Fryar*.

2. Mr. *Wanley* to Dr. *Wild*.

**W**Hat fullen wary Shepherds voice is  
this,  
That won't be tempted from his  
private bliss,

But arbor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder  
Threatens to rend and rive that *Oak* in sunder,  
Under whose boughs himself in fairer dayes  
Did sit secure with us, and sang the praise  
Of that *great Pan*, whose watchful care did keep  
At once the pleasant Shepherd and his Sheep?  
Is this a time for Shepherds to retreat,  
And seek out *Coverts* from the *scorching heat*?  
Is this a time for an *inglorious sloth*  
To hug it self, not daring to peep forth  
Into the open field, while *th' crafty Fox*  
Lurks in the bushes to devour our *Flocks*,  
And *Wolves* of *Romulus* are grown so bold,  
To fright the silly Sheep ev'n in their Fold?  
Dost thou not know what *crops* the *Plauge* his  
made

And, *Sampson*-like, *heaps upon heaps* has laid?  
That if Heav'n's wrathful Anger thus proceed,  
There will no Flocks be left for thee to feed.  
*London* has sent up such a darkning smoak,  
And shall it too the Angels voices choak?  
Shall it make Clouds so thick and dark, that we  
Shall never more thy publick Censers see?

'Tis *Sacrilege* to rob the Church ; and thence  
 Since you have stole your self, what's your of-  
 fence ?

When the *white Harvest* for *more Reapers* cries,  
 How canst thou freely sit and *temporize* ?

So Stars reserve themselves for pitchy night,

When *Phæbus* pouders all his locks with light.

So *feral* Birds delight to sit alone,

Till the Days glories are packt up and gone.

So Roses fall in *June* when frosts are past,

And on dull earth lye blushing out their last,

So the *Musitian* smothers his *Sol fa*,

When he's entreated or to sing or play.

So when the fierce *Bellona's* Drums do beat,

Who has no mind to fight, seeks his retreat.

And so I've seen a long miswonted Lyre

Sigh its own Dirge with its own broken wire,

And seems to shiv'r at th' downfal of *Paul's*

*Quire*.

Say we not well, Agues will have their course ?

Yes, yes, they must remember with remorse

The *Ivy Garland's* withering, dearth of Liquers,

That would make *Caput Mortuum* the quicker.

But why shouldst thou, kind soul, be in such

fear,

That plump *Lyceus* should grow lean this year ?

Hast thou forgot how fatal the Grape-stone

Did whilom prove to poor *Anacreon* ?

Which of the *Muses* or the *Graces* all,

Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call ?

Is it not sung by the *Venetian* Swain,  
How the brisk Wine gives *Horns* to the poor  
man?

And if you have no greater care, no doubt  
You'll find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,  
And then we shall hear thy *Goose-gagling* yaul  
Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*;  
Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,  
Practise worse tunes than *Organs* ever toot.  
This is a vain presage; thou say'st, the Dead  
Have out-liv'd this, and have *no Gout* to dread.  
But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou  
art,

Heark how the *dead mans bum* does let a *fart*.  
When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,  
'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*;  
To vote her of the *Babylonish Crew*;  
And set the *Furies* on her with *ha-loo*.  
This 'tis to gad abroad, 'tis just upon her;  
Had *Dina* kept at home, shee'd sav'd her *Ho-*  
*nor*.

But I'm *thy Son*, and must corrected be;  
But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?  
Dost think thy Son so *sanguine* and *insano*,  
To probe thee with a *Fistula* in *Ano*.  
Thus I should leave to any of the *Crew*,  
You may believe me though I were a *Jew*.  
And may my breath be still perfum'd, why not?  
Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot.



'And he whose Muse such wondrous heights  
did fly,

That it did seem to top the very Sky ;  
And though he may have reason to be proud,  
Instead of *Juno* did imbrace a Cloud ;  
May he resume King *Dauids Harp* and play  
The *Tarantul* of discontent away.

If *Denhams* has so foully bin betray'd,  
And his *Inclosure* 'gainst his will survey'd :  
May he recover all his Wits and more,  
And with such keen *Iambricks* brand the *Whore*,  
That all may dread it worse then loss of life,  
To turn a Poet *frantick* for his *Wife*.

Poor *Davenant's Nose* it seems is grown so  
fore,  
It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more.  
Well may the *bridge* be down, when time doth  
meet

To press it with his *Satyr* cloven feet.  
And thou with thy *Apocopes* art wont  
To scater balls of thy *Wild-fire* upon't.

But shall I not, *kind Wild*, remember thee,  
Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacie* ?  
'Tis thine for life, we know thy subtil head ;  
*Wills* have no force till the *Testator's* dead ;  
And that none can have ought by thy bequest  
Till thou art better dead then in a Jest :  
Nor would I that in tendernessto me  
Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiencie ;

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed,  
 'Tis Incest to ascend the Fathers bed.  
 What though thou ownst me for thy *sanguine*  
*Child,*

Yet I have not so much my *Sire* of *Wild*.  
 And thus far is thy *Fry'r* able to see  
 His *Covent's* better than thy *Nunnerie*.  
 He's *loving* too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,  
 As thou, at his decease, but while he lives  
 All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare.  
 And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.

May every Knight about us, that's inclin'd,  
 Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber*, kind.  
*Ten Silver Crowns* let each of them send thee,  
 And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.  
 May the *poor Scholar* ne're want *Sunday Pudden*,  
 When he's not like to *preach* for't *on the sudden*.  
 May thy afflicted *Toe* ne're feel the *Gont*;  
 Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Ront*;  
 That thou maiest yet (at last) once more Protest  
 That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum est*.  
 Maist thou next send me what is worth thy  
 Pen;

May I have brains to answer it agen.  
 May all that are of such *good wishes* fullen,  
 Live till their good Friends bury them in *Wool-*  
*len*.

## Dr. Wild to Mr. Wanley.

**H**onestly done however, though the  
 Stuff  
 You sent be *course* the measure's *large*  
*enough*.

The first Cup thou beganst I could not pass,  
 The Wine was brisk, and in a little glass :  
 But now to pledge thee I am not inclin'd,  
 You *Sons o' th Church* are for *large draughts* I  
 find.

Prithee leave off, for thou hast been so free  
 In sending such a *brimmer* unto me,  
 That Sunday last, long of that frolick bout,  
 Thy Parish had but *half a glass* I doubt.  
 Besides the drink is *small*, you've chang'd your  
*gill*,

I wish you'd kept in your *hogs-head* still.  
 Yet, upon better thoughts, *small drink* is fit  
 To cool the stomach, though not help the wit ;  
 And that might be thy case : for certainly  
 Those *salt bits* I had sent thee *made thee dry*,  
 Or *sick*, which made thee drink *small drink*, and  
 strain

To cast them undigested up again.

Twelve lines return'd the very same, that I  
 Must call the *Hickup*, rather than *Reply*;

Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread  
 There is some *Eccho* in thine *empty head* :  
 Or rather thou my *Cockril* art, and so  
 The *young one learneth of the old to crow*.  
 Nay my brave Bird, thou darest spur and peck;  
 I wish that *Shrovetide* hazard not thy *neck* :  
 Now prethee *Chick* beware, for though I find  
 That thou art *right* and of the *fighting kind*,  
 Yet thou art not my *Match*, and soon wilt feel  
 My Gout lies in my *Toe*, not in my *Heel*.  
 Take this advice before you mean to fight,  
 Get your *Comb cut*, and leave your *treading*  
 quite.

Thy Barber, or his Wife, if he should fail,  
 Has skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tayl* ;  
 And thereby hangs another Tayl, I find  
 Thy *subtil nose* hath got my *breech i'tb' wind*.  
 If thou canst catch *poor farts* that Prison break,  
 A notable *Bumbayliff* thou wilt make.  
 Hark, hark, saist thou, *be let a fart* ! what  
 though ?

It breaths forth *no Sedition*, Sir, I trow ;  
 Nor is there any Statute of our Nation  
 That sayes, *in five miles* of a *Corporation*  
 If any *Outed-man* a Fart should vent,  
 That you should apprehend the *Innocent*.  
 If you so soon could smell the *Pouder-Plot*,  
 What had you said if I had *bullets* shot ?  
 Fye man ! our *mouthis* were stopped long ago,  
 And would you have us silent too *below* ?

But

But I displaid *my bum* before *thyne eyes*  
*Unkindly* thou saist, I say otherwise ;  
 For there thou mightst have thy *resemblance*  
 took,

Dead mens blind cheeks do very *wanley* look.  
 And For the *crack* it gave, that did but mind  
 thee,

To strive to leave *a good report behind* thee.

As for the *gall* which in your Ink appears,

That *in our sufferings we are Volunteers* ;

I'll not say much, I have more wit than so,

'Tis *scurvy jesting with edg-tools* I know :

But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, *to whip*

Your *Brothers back* which you did *help to strip*.

Yet thus your Grandfire *Levi* did before,

Who *kill'd those*, whom his *Cov'nant had made*  
*fore.*

And you know who they were that gave the  
 blow,

And then cry'd, *Prophecie who smote thee so ?*

We durst not keep our Livings for our lives,

But *they must needs go whom the Devil drives.*

Yea *but we left our Harvest, left our Sheep,*

And *would not work in one, nor th' other keep.*

I answer. No great Harvest yet appears,

I'm sure your Churches hang but *thin* with  
 ears.

And though the *Foxes* breed, what need you  
 care,

When-as your Shepherds such *Fox-catchers*  
 are. For

For pardon, Sir, my serious soul now cries,  
 Your knocking me did make this froth to rise.  
*Once* for my Age, Profession and Degree,  
 To fool thus is enough, and *Twice* for thee.  
 Thus great Estates b'imprudent owners may,  
 When stak'd at Ticktack, soon be plaid away.  
 Let's wind this folly up in this last sheet,  
 And *friendly part*, as we did *friendly meet*.  
 Yet, to requite thy *Legacy* to me,  
 Accept this *Litany* I send to thee.

*May thy rich Parts with saving Grace be  
 joyn'd,  
 As Diamonds in Rings of Gold enshrin'd ;  
 May he that made thy Stars, create a Sphear  
 Of heavenly frame of life, and fix them there ;  
 May that blest Life credit Conformitie,  
 And make e'ven Puritans to honour thee.  
 Maist thou to Christ such store of Converts  
 bring,  
 That he whose place thou fill'st, for joy may  
 sing.  
 May God love you, and you love God again ;  
 And may these Prayers of mine not be in vain.*



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E N D.

Madam Mary Dacche

